A PÆAN TR
VMPHALL.

COMPOSED FOR THE SOCIETIE
the Goldſmiths of *London*: congratulating his Highnes magnificent entring the Citie.

To the Maieſtie of the King.

By MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Dicite io pæan, io bis dicite pæan.

LICET EXIGVVS
NON

LONDON
Printed for IOHN FLASKET, and are to be ſold at his ſhop
Pauls Churchyard at the ſigne of the black Beare. 1604.

7215

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A Pæan Triumphall.

TO the vaſte skies whilſt ſhoutes and cries rebound,
And buildings eccho with reuerberate ſound,
Strugling to thruſt out of the peopled throng,
Panting for breath flies our elaborate ſong.
That time the day brake from her wonted guiſe,
The Sunne in haſte before his houre did riſe,
And draue the fleet-foote poſting houres ſo faſt,
Which were afeard young *Phaeton* that was caſt
From his Siers Chariot, reobtain'd the Carre,
To ſet the neighboring Elements at warre.
But whilſt ſweete *Zephyre* gently ſpreads his wings,
Curles the ſleeke boſomes of th'enamoured ſprings.
With Baulmie ſpices ſo perfumes each place,
Breathing ſuch odors in the mornings face,
That the day ſeem'd all former daies to ſcorne,
And (to compare it) euer ſhould be borne.

7215

A Pæan Triumphall.

Saturne whoſe grim face clad in Icie haire,
Thruſt his bleake viſage through the Northerne aire,
That long had low'rd vpon the drouping ſpring,
With Froſts,Hailes,Snowes and Tempeſts minacing,
Suddenly calm'd,and his harſh rage reſignes
To ſmooth *Fauonius* and milde Libick windes,
Whil'ſt Temples ſtand euen trembling as afeard,
To ſee proud Pageants on their Arches reard
Aboue their Turrets,whileſt the concourſe meete,
Like boyſterous tides in euery publike ſtreete.
Windowes of eyes,the houſes ſcorn'd their glaſſe,
On euery ſide their Maieſties ſhould paſſe:
Roomes with rich beauties furniſhed about,
Arras but ſerues to hang the walles without.
Who lou'd in works of ancient times to prie,
Hangings compleate with curious Imagrie,
Glutting his eyes here liuely might behold,
Faces whoſe numbers figures neuer told,
Walling the houſes, in whoſe ſeuerall eyes
Ioye ſhewes it ſelfe in more varieties,

The ſouth and ſouth-weſt wind.

Then

Then be their mindes, the obiects that they ſee,
Which are as various as their features bee.
The hie-reard ſpires ſhake with the peoples crie,
Bending their tops ſeeme wondring to eſpie
Streets pau'd with heads, for ſuch the numbers bee,
The loftieſt Tower no ground at all can ſee.
Banners, Flags, Streamers, in ſuch numbers borne,
And ſtood ſo thick that one might ſoone haue ſworne,
Nature of late ſome noueltie had brought,
Groaues leau'd with ſilke in curious manner wrought,
Bearing ſuch fruite th'*Atlantides* did keepe,
By that fierce Dragon that did neuer ſleepe.

The daughters of Atlas.

When now approched glorious Maieſtie,
Vnder a gold- wrought ſumptuous Canopie.
Before him went his goodly glittering traine,
Which though as late waſh'd in a golden raine.
All ſo embraudered that to thoſe behold,
Horſes as men, ſeem'd to be made of Gold:
With the faire Prince, in whom appear'd in glory,
As in th'abridgement of ſome famous ſtory,

Eu'ry

7215

A Pæan Triumphall.

Eu'ry rare vertue of each famous King
Since *Norman VVilliams* happie conquering:
Where might be ſeene in his freſh blooming hopes,
Henry the fifth leading his warlike troupes,
When the proud French fell on that conquered land,
As the full Corne before the labourers hand.
Vſhering ſo bright and Angellike a Queene,
Whoſe gallant carridge had but *Cynthia* ſeene,
She might haue learnd her ſiluer brow to beare,
And to haue ſhin'd and ſparckl'd in her ſpheare,
Leading her Ladies on their milkie Steedes,
With ſuch aſpect that each beholder feedes,
As though the lights and beauties of the skies,
Tranſcending dwelt and twinckled in their eies.
Here might you ſee what paſſion wonder wrought,
As it inuades the temper of the thought:
One weepes for ioy,he laughs and claps his hands,
Another ſtill and looking ſadly ſtands:
Others that ſeemed to be moued leſſe,
Shew'd more then theſe in action could expreſſe.

A Pæan Triumphall.

None ther's could iudge a witneſſe of this ſight,
Whether of two did take the more delight,
They that in triumph rode or they that ſtand,
To view the pompe and glorie of the land,
Each vnto other ſuch reflection ſent,
Either ſo ſumptuous, ſo magnificent:
Nor are the duties that thy ſubiects owe,
Only compriz'd in this externall ſhow.
For harts are heap'd with thoſe innumered hoords,
That tongues by vttrance cannot vent in words:
Nor is it all Inuention here deuiſes,
That thy hie worth and Maieſtie comprizes,
And we not laſt of thoſe glad harts that proue,
To ſhew our Soueraigne our vnſpotted loue.
The firſt a Maiors name worthely did grace, **Iohn tow Surus.**
Marrying that title and Pretorian place,
Was of our freedome, purchaſing thereby
That primate honor to our Liuery.
Natiue our loue as needfull is our trade,
By which no kingdome euer was decaide,

A Pæan Triumphall.

To bring ſleight gauds and womaniſh deuices,
Of little vſe and of exceſſiue prices.
Good home-made things with trifles to ſuppreſſe,
To feede luxurious riot, and exceſſe,
Sound Bullion is our ſubiect, whoſe ſure rate
Scal'd by his ſelfeworth, ſuch the Goldſmiths ſtate,
Which peace and happie gouernment doth nouriſh,
And with a kingdome doth both fade and floriſh.
Natures perfection, that great wonder Gold,
Of which the firſt note of our name we hold,
Phœbus his God that triply doth implie,
To medicen, Muſicke, and ſweete Poeſie,
To vs his hie diuinitie imparts,
As he is knowne and glorified in Arts:
For that inuention ſtudie doth befit,
That is the crowne and puritie of wit,
What doth belong and's proper to the muſe,
We of all other myſteries doe vſe,
Moulds and inſculpturs framing by the head,
Formes and proportions ſtrangely varied.

The

The lumpe as likes the workman beſt to frame,
To wedge, to ingot, or what other name,
That by the ſight and knowledge of our trade,
Into rich Plate, and Vtenſils is made
Within thy land, for ornament doth ſtay,
Angels haue wings and fleeting ſtill away,
And by eſchanging virtuouſly doth flie
That cankerd, baſe, and idle Vſurie:
For when the banck once ſubtilie is plac'd,
Th'exacted vſe comes hourely in ſo faſt,
That whil'ſt the lender on the borrower praies,
Good and induſtrious facultie decaies.
Foule Auarice that triple Dog of Hell,
That when *Ioues* ſonne emperiouſly did quell,
And from his hand receiu'd that fatall wound,
His poyſoned ſoame he driu'ld on the ground,
From which they ſay as in the earths deſpite,
Did ſpring that black and poyſoned Aconite:
For they by fire that mettals vſe to trie,
And finde wiſe Natures ſecreſies thereby,

A Pæan Triumphall.

When they prepare induſtriouſly to ſhed
Siluer, diſpoſ'd adulteratly with lead,
Proue this baſe Courſer from the other fine,
Being ſo cleere and aptly femenine,
Steales from her purenes in his boyſtrous fixure,
By the corruption of his earthly mixure,
Which if Gold helping her infeebled might,
As a kind brother in his ſiſters right,
By him her ſpirit is perfect and compacted,
Which that groſſe body enuiouſly detracted.
Conſcience like Gold which Hell cannot intice,
Nor winne from weake man by his auarice:
Which if infuſ'd ſuch vertue doth impart,
As doth conforme and rectifie the hart.
For as the Indians by experience know,
That like a Tree it in the ground doth grow,
And as it ſtill approcheth to the day,
His curled branches brauely doth diſplay,
Then in the bulke and body of the mine,
More neat, contracted, rarifi'd, and fine:

So

So truth from darknes ſpreading doth appeare,
And ſhewes it ſelfe more luculent and cleere.
Dunſtan our Patron that religious man,
(That great and famous Metropolitan,
That in his time aſcended by degrees,
To *VVorſter*, *London*, *Canturburies* Sees,
That was in ancient *Glaſtenbury* bred,
Foure Saxons raignes that liuing flouriſhed,
Whoſe deeds the world vnto this time containeth,
And ſainted in our Kalenders remaineth
Gaue) what not time our Brotherhood denies,
Ancient endowments and immunities:
And for our ſtation and our generall heape,
Recides in Lombard or in goodly Cheape.
VVe haue an Adage which though very old,
Tis not the worſe that it hath oft been told,
(Though the deſpiſing ancient things and holie,
Too much betraies our ignorance and follie)
That *England* yeelds to goodly *London* this,
That ſhe her chiefe and ſoueraine Citie is:

In Cate
Epiſcop

A Pæan Triumphall.

ndon will graunt her goodly Cheape the grace,
o be her firſt and and abſoluteſt place:
are I proclaime then with a conſtant hand,
heape is the Starre and Iewell of thy land.
he Trophie that we reare vnto thy praiſe,
his gold-drop'd Lawrell, this life-giuing bayes,
o power lends immortalitie to men,
ike the hie ſpirit of an induſtrious pen,
hich ſtems times tumults with a full-ſpread ſaile,
hen proud reard piles and monuments doe faile,
nd in their cinders when great Courts doe lie,
hat ſhall confront and iuſtle with the skie:
iue euer mightie, happely, and long,
iuing admir'd, and dead be highly ſong.

FINIS.

7215